

A

REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Tuesday, February 11. 1706.

I have twice began on these Subjects with a little Poetical Essay, on and it has not been ungrateful; I always love to begin my Work chearfully ——— I hope, the Point, I am now upon, shall end chearfully to both Nations.

Nor let any Man charge the Dulness of my Verse upon the Coldness of the Climate, and say, they cannot be good, because they are made in Scotland; that a barren Soil makes a barren Fancy, and the like: I take it upon my self to acknowledge, that however dull the Genius of the Author may be, the Inspirations of the North are every Way equal to those of the South, and the Muses are as apt to Harmony there, as in any other Part of Britain.

The Following is but a Fragment, and Time perhaps may produce the Remainder.

On

On the approaching UNION of the two Kingdoms.

PEACE from the North dawns like the rising Day,
 And jarring Nations calmer Laws obey ;
Uniting Britain from Contention free,
 Shall change her Feuds and Chains for Peace and Liberty.
 The envying Nations for Defence prepare,
 The vast Conjunction learns the World to fear.

The Tendency of things foretells the Hour,
Hell, France and Rome in vain oppose their Power.
 A thousand Years of Blood may well suffice,
Too dear the Purchase, and too cheap the Prize.
 While two brave Nations circumscrib'd in Place,
The same in Merit, and the same in Race ;
 In constant Feud and War, in Waste and Spoil,
With Blood and Rapine have possess'd the Isle.
Fatal the Strife, when Brethren draw the Sword,
 The double Rage by Sence of Crime procur'd ;
Fatal the Strife, when Men of Fire contend,
 And equal Nations equal Rights defend ;
Fatal the Strife, when Britain's Sons make War,
 Equal in Gallantry and Fame th' appear,
 And Courage only made afraid to fear.

Bless'd be the Day, and wing'd with Joy it flies,
 Foretelling Augurs, whisper it from above the Skies ;
 When Hand in Hand they shall consent to fight,
 Abroad to conquer, and at Home Unite !

England no more shall to her Loss subdue,
 And Victim Scots the Conquerors pursue ;
England no more shall meanly learn to fly,
 And Bannockbourn shall sink in History ;
Scotland no more shall Banks of Trent invade,
 And Flodden Plains be in Oblivion laid.

Unnatural War ! When we retreat to view
 Our ancient Feuds, and match them with the new.
 For what strange Trifles have these Nations fought,
 What Seas of noble Blood, how cheap let out,
 What Monuments of Slaughter still remain,
 On every Mountain and in every Plain !

When

When *martial Animosities* excite,
And big with Rage, the Sister Nations fight.

Never was War with so much Heat pursu'd,
Never two Nations bury'd so in Blood;
Never two Nations fought so much in vain,
To so much Loss, and to so little Gain.

The blushing Hist'ry as ashame'd to name,
The small Minute Beginnings of the Flame;
Meer Gallantry, the ancient Vice of War,
When *Pride and Folly, Folly and Pride* prepare;
Wisely in Silence bury the Record,
And turn to Song the Trophies of the Sword;
By Sports and Jests describe the Fields of Blood,
And *Chivvy Chase* the Shams of War conclude.

'Tis time to think, Fate summons to obey
The black Accounts of every bloody Day;
How all that Gallant Blood has been mispent,
The Nation's old; 'tis high time to repent.
Britannia mourns for Peace, in Peace delights,
And thrives but *just as fast*, as she unites;
Hark, how of ancient Breaches she complains,
And view her Care to cherish the Remains.

How, had she sat as *Europe's Empress* now,
And *long since* made the *Austrian Eagles* bow;
Eclips'd the Emblematick *Gallick Sun*,
And darkn'd *Mahomet's* insulting Moon.

Britain how fitted to command the Globe,
Her *QUEEN*, how bright, how suited to the Robe
Of General Government, for Truth alone
Gives Merit for an *Universal Throne*!

Britain, how bless'd with Heroes for Command,
That Government and Conquest understand;
That first brought up in *Virtue's Martial School*,
Know how to conquer, and know how to rule.
Pity such Blood should to her Fame be lost,
The Mischief's all her own, *her own the Cost*.

With what Regret do Neighbour Nations see,
The Prospect of this new Felicity!
Hell strives, their Party struggles to excite,
And *Europe* trembles, lest they should Unite.